

ILLUSTRATED
TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE

DESIGNED TO SHOW

THE SAFETY OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE,

THE DANGERS OF MODERATE DRINKING,

AND

THE EVILS OF DRUNKENNESS.

With TWENTY-SIX ENGRAVINGS by Horton.

NEW-YORK:

OLIVER & BROTHER, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,

CORNER OF NASSAU AND FULTON-STREETS.

1848.

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Stereotyped by Vincent Dill, Jr.,  
No. 17 Ann Street. N. Y  
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ILLUSTRATED

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES.



“There Goes a Teetotaler.”

A drunkard assailed a Washingtonian, but could only say, “There goes a teetotaler!” The gentleman waited until the crowd had collected, and then, turning upon the drunkard, said, “There stands a drunkard!—Three years ago he had a watch, a coat, shoes, and decent clothes; now he has nothing but rags upon him, his watch is gone, and his shoes afford free passage to the water. There stands a drunkard; and here stands a teetotaler, with a good hat, good shoes, good clothes, and a good watch, all paid for. Yes, here stands a teetotaler! And now, my friends, which has the best of it?” The bystanders testified their approval of the teetotaler by loud shouts, while the crest fallen drunkard slunk away, happy to escape further castigation.

Temperance in a King.

Our total abstinence friends are not, perhaps, generally aware, that Charles XII., "the mad King of Sweden," as he was called by some of his contemporaries, was a pledged man, if not a member of a teetotal society. The anecdote on which this statement is founded is given in M. de Bury's "*Essai Historique et Moral sur l'Education Française.*" Charles, as every body knows, in the commencement of his career, drank to great excess. In one of his drunken bouts he so far overstepped the limits of propriety as to treat the Queen, his mother, with great disrespect. The next day, on being informed of his rudeness, he took a glass of wine in his hand, and repaired to the Queen's room. "Madam," said he to her, "I have learned that yesterday, in my cups, I forgot myself towards you. I come to ask your pardon—and, to prevent recurrence of such a fault, I drink this glass to your health; it shall be the last during my life." He kept his word, and from that day never tasted wine. We may add, by way of recommendation to the habit, that in his subsequent life no King was ever known to have undergone greater hardships and enjoyed better health than this cold water monarch.

Treating Resolution.

A regular hardened case of a drunkard, by the solicitation and importunity of his friends, once formed a resolution that he would pass by a certain tavern on his way, without allowing "John Barleycorn" to get the upper hand of him. On one occasion he was fully resolved to put his resolution to the test, and accordingly passed by the tavern without calling; but when he had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, he stood still and addressed himself as follows: "Well done, resolution, I never thought that you could act such a manly part; come away back now and I will give you an extra gill for that." Suffice to say, he returned to John Barleycorn's and got drunk on account of his noble resolution.

A Short Argument.

A gentleman was railing, a few days since, at a public table, against the law of Massachusetts, as depriving men of their natural rights to buy and sell and get gain; and turning to his neighbor, asked him if he did not think it high handed oppression. The gentleman replied. "Sir, call it oppression if you please, I will state one fact well known to myself. A tax bill was recently brought me on my city property of \$800, for which I gave my check. I carefully looked into the subject, and found that \$650 of it was for the support of drunkenness. Now what is this but oppression? But I suppose that I have no rights. Rumsellers have all. They may tax me to support criminals and drunkards they make, \$650, and I must be still." "Sir," said the gentleman, "Massachusetts is right. It is the best argument I ever heard. It has overthrown all my theory about free trade. I will say no more, but go the whole with you."

A Rumseller's Modesty.

The landlord of a Hartford hotel made a request of one of our city watchmen, which brings to light an interesting trait in the character of the amiable fraternity, which had hitherto escaped our notice, viz. Modesty! The request was that the watchman would furnish him with a key to the lock-up house, so that as fast as his customers became intoxicated, he might, without calling the assistance of the watchman, bestow them in a safe place, and thereby save himself and the police much trouble, and at the same time prevent the necessity of his appearing in the presence of the civil authorities.

The Worm That Never Dies.

"What do you think of whiskey, Dr. Johnson?" hiccupped Boswell, after emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy. "Sir," said the Doctor, "it penetrates my very soul like the small still voice of conscience, and doubtless the worm of the still is the worm that never dies."



"You're the Deacon for Me!"

"What's the matter, Joseph?" said a rum-selling deacon to his little son, one morning. "What makes you look so low spirited, my son?"

"Why father," replied the son, in a melancholy air, "I had a dream about you last night, which makes me feel very bad."

"A dream! Nonsense, my child. But what was it?"

The boy was reluctant to answer, but at length said—

"Why father, I dreamt that drunken Peter, after he bought the jug of rum from you the other day, went home and beat his wife and children, and turned them all out of doors in the cold. And when he came last night for another jug, as you was drawing it from the cask, the Devil entered the store, walked behind the counter, and tapping you on the shoulder, said in great delight, "Ah, ha! you're the Deacon for me!"

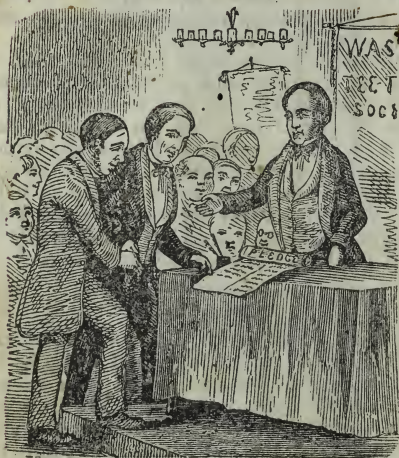
Dirty Work.

We heard, the other day, of an instance where a rum-seller endeavored, by all the arts of which he was possessed, to induce a little girl, about three years of age, to drink a wine-glass of spirits. The little teetotaler sternly refused, however, saying, "Ma told me that I must never touch that stuff you keep in bottles up there, because it was that which made Pa so cross sometimes." May that sainted mother be enabled to so impress upon all her children the importance of abstaining from that which is destroying their father, that they will pass through the world personally ignorant of its blasting influences.

Honor the Same Everywhere.

A son of the Emerald Isle, who arrived at New York the other day, was asked by an acquaintance to take a glass of grog, but declined, giving as a reason for his refusal, that he had joined the temperance society in Cork before leaving Ireland. His friend replied that was no consequence, as a pledge given in Ireland was not binding here. To this piece of left-handed morality, Patrick indignantly retorted—"Do ye suppose whin I brought me body to America, I'd be afthur laving me sowl in Ireland?"

Signing the Pledge.



A poor fellow who had become a drunkard, went into a grog shop to get his "bitters." He had no money, and so the landlord ordered him off. Not moving so quickly as the unfeeling rumseller desired, he was taken roughly by the collar, and pushed into the street. He fell heavily, his head striking the pavement with such force as to render him insensible. As he lay there a Washingtonian, a reformed man, came along, raised up the unfortunate fellow, and endeavored to comfort him. The poor drunkard was overpowered by such kindness. The Washingtonian took him to his own house, had the poor man's wound dressed, and in the evening accompanied him to a temperance meeting, where he signed the pledge. He is now a thoroughly reformed man, and is living happily with his family. Such is the power of kindness and the pledge.

Can't Do It.

A story is related of a Son of Temperance who dined with an influential friend. The host pouring out a glass of wine, desired the Son to drink with him; whereupon he replied :

"Can't do it, 'wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"Can't do it, 'strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the friend becoming somewhat restive and excited, remarked :

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you?"

"No, I can't do that: 'wo unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth.'"

What was the peculiar mental condition or moral state of the gentleman, at this stage of the proceedings, the deponent saith not.

Cost of Paint.

Some years ago there lived in Berkshire county, Mass., two physicians of considerable skill and eminence. One of them used no spirituous liquor—the other drank *freely*; and while the one had acquired considerable property, the other remained poor. Meeting each other one day, when the former was returning from a distant town with a richly painted and well-made carriage, the latter accosted him: "Doctor, how do you manage to ride in a carriage painted in so costly a manner? I have been in practice as long and extensively as you, and charge as much, but I can't hardly live and drive the old one." "The *paint* on my carriage," he replied, "didn't cost *half* as much as the *paint* on your *face*."

Rather Equivocal.

A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared he never was drunk, nor never meant to be, *for it always made him feel so bad the next morning.*

"Not a Drop More."

During a heavy fall of rain, a fellow who had taken a drop too much, happened to deposit himself under a water spout. He thus lying alone in his glory, ever and anon, exclaimed as the pigs snorted around him, — "NOT A DROP MORE, GENTLEMEN ;



NOT A DROP MORE."

The Ruling Passion.

Two of the clergymen of Philadelphia, stated in their respective churches during service, that in Southwark a poor woman lost her child. Her kind neighbors procured a decent coffin and shroud, and had the child prepared for interment; but they had no sooner left the house, than the mother removed the child from the coffin, disrobed it of the shroud, and then went out and pawned both articles for *rum* !

Sam Slick's Sensible Observation.

Sam Slick says, "Whenever a feller is too lazy to work, he gets a license, sticks his name over the door, calls it a tavern, and nine chances to ten but he makes the whole neighborhood as lazy and worthless as himself."

Two Children Burned to Death.

Two little children of a man named Hummer, one aged two and the other four years, were burned to death near the Bethlehem Baptist church, on Friday of last week, under circumstances almost too revolting for belief. The parents were breaking flax in a barn or hovel, and were using the stove at the house, some fifty or one hundred yards distant, for the purpose of drying the flax, previous to breaking it. They had a jug of liquor, where they were at work, which, it would seem, enlisted far more of their attention than their little children, who were left alone at the house. While they were worshipping Bacchus, the flax they had left on the stove took fire, and rapidly communicating to the floor above, soon wrapped the building in flames; yet notwithstanding the parents were but a few yards distant, they knew nothing of it, until after some of the neighbors had arrived. The remaining details of this heart-sickening tragedy, as related to us, we hope, for the honor of human nature, are untrue. After one of the children was found dead—its brains yet frying—the unnatural father and yet more unnatural mother, returned to the barn to *take another drink!* before the whereabouts of the other unfortunate had been ascertained. The other was soon after found, by some of the neighbors, horribly burned, and in the last agonies of death. It lingered for a short time, and then its little spirit took its flight to a kinder father and a happier home.

Had Enough of It.

Not long since one who had, previous to his signing the pledge, been a hard drinker, was taken very sick, and for a time was unable to speak. His friends wishing to stimulate him, offered some liquor. He could not speak, but shook his head, and continued to as often as it was offered him. When he recovered, he requested his friends not to offer him liquor unless they wanted to hurt his feelings, "Especially," said he, "when I am *sick* don't give it to me,—it nearly killed me when I was well."

The Drunkard's Children.

A drunkard whose wife had been dead a few months, went away and left his little son and daughter with an unfeeling woman who treated them very cruelly. One day, about three months after the father went away, she came into the room where Alice sat mending her brother's clothes, and said to her abruptly—

“See here, girl! Do you know where your father has gone?”

“No ma'am,” replied Alice in a low voice, and with a half-frightened manner.

“Didn't he tell you where he was going?” nmm

“No ma'am.”

“It's very strange. Well, I can tell you what,—I don't believe he means to come back at all. I believe he has just left you on my hands, and that the money he gave me when he went away is every dollar I shall see. But I will not be imposed upon in that way. Not I! So, my little miss, I will just tell you what you've got to depend upon. If I don't hear from your father in

two weeks, I will not give you house room for another day. I believe you knew as well as he did, that it was all a trick to get you pushed off upon me. But it won't do. Polly Walton is too old for that. So, take my advice, and look out for another home at once, for you can't stay here but a little while longer. I've said it, and I mean it!"

A short time after the little boy was sent to the alms house, and the little girl put out to service with a woman who treated her very ill. Thus it is with the poor drunkard's children. The pledge, however, will lead a man to provide for his little ones in a happy home.

Office Holders ought not to be Rum Drinkers.

Thomas Jefferson remarked, after he had retired from the Presidency, that the habit of using ardent spirits by men in public offices, had occasioned more trouble and more injury to the public service than any other circumstance during his administration. "And were I to act my public life over again," said Mr. Jefferson, "the first question I would ask, with regard to every candidate for office, should be, *Is he addicted to the use of ardent spirits?*"

Half Right.

When Lord Morpeth was in this country a few years since, he chanced to be at a dinner table in New York, in company with Mr. Frelinghuysen. He filled his glass, and asked Mr. F. to allow him the pleasure of taking wine with him, who politely declined the honor, remarking that he had abandoned its use. "You are more than half right, sir," replied Lord M. His lordship afterwards commenced pouring water into his glass with the wine, drinking about half-and-half. "I see, my lord," said Mr. Frelinghuysen, "that you are *just half right.*"

☞ A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

A Strange Cure.

A man and his wife having seriously disagreed, he said by way of revenge, that he would go and kill himself, "by mowing without ale!" He persisted in his purpose for some time, but instead of dying he began to feel himself so much better without ale, that he became a teetotaler.

This reminds us of a termagant woman, who was fonder of the "creater" than of her husband. He bought a keg of brandy, and put it in her way; being rebuked for it by one of his friends, he said it was the only resource left him, that she might drink herself to death, and thus relieve him from his calamity. She happened to overhear him, and out of spite never touched a drop of liquor subsequently. The best of it was, that the change in her habits produced a change in her temper, and her husband has no longer any wish that she should poison herself.

Singular Vengeance.

Plutarch relates that Xerxes being highly incensed with the Babylonians for a rebellion, and having reconquered them, he forbade their carrying arms, or devoting themselves to manly pursuits; and commanded that they should apply themselves to singing and flute-playing, and that they should haunt taverns and houses of ill-fame; justly considering that effeminacy and vice were the severest scourges of a people.

It would seem as if a large portion of our countrymen had fallen under the vengeance of Xerxes. We shall not spare our endeavors to rescue them, but much depends on themselves. It is morally, as well as physically true, that

"Who would be free, himself must strike the blow!"

☞ An orator holding forth in favor of women, concluded thus—"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife. "I beg your pardon," replied one of his female auditors, "a drunken husband does."

The Disappointed Bride.

A very intelligent and promising young man led a beautiful bride to the altar of wedlock. Both uttered the marriage vows with sincerity and hopeful love. Scarce twelvemonths had passed, however, before the husband, lured by the power of the wine cup, lost his self-respect and became a confirmed drunkard. For three years he lived the drunkard's life, and then he was drunk one week, sick, or nearly so the next; drunk again the week after, and then down beneath the power of delirium tremens. Care and trouble have made that wife sick too; she weeps and is excited by turns, and even tears her hair as with madness.

Some weeks ago, he was taken to the Watch House; his wife, true to her vows, followed and found him there. Once, she sought him at the hotel amidst a band of tipplers. Rushing into the room, she asked the creature at the bar, "Why do you give my husband liquor?"

"We are innocent. His friends treat him," was the insulting answer.

"FRIENDS!" she replied: "what FRIENDS can do this?" and then with love and kindness she led her husband home. What a caution, thought we, to those who *will* marry moderate drinkers.

Take Care of Your Grist.

One of your "strong minded" gentlemen in the western part of New York, had taken some grain to the mill to be ground, when he was earnestly solicited to sign the Pledge. "Oh no," he replied, "the Pledge is very good for those who are not able to take care of themselves, but as for me I can drink or let it alone,—there is no necessity for my signing." During the day he went repeatedly to the grocery, and when evening came, he was so *high* that the miller was under the necessity of helping both him and his grist into the waggon, and it was left to the instinct of his horse to carry him home. Next morning his son came to the mill enquiring for the grist,—the man who would not sign the Pledge, because *he could take care of himself*, had lost it all on the road.

A Moderate Drinker.

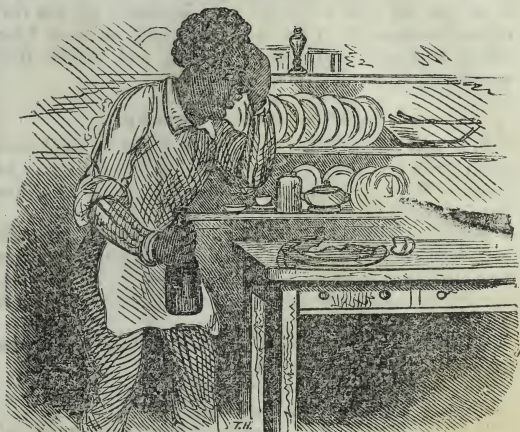
Our friend Barker walking on the Battery last Monday, saw two drunkards who were anxious to have a fight, but could not stand up long enough to be knocked down; our friend went up to a well dressed man who was encouraging them to fight, and says, "Now, sir, you had better sign the Pledge of total abstinence, you have before you an example of what you may soon come to." "Oh, no, I never drink but little, I'm only a moderate drinker, no use of my signing!" upon which friend B. turns round to one of the drunkards who laid upon the ground, and says "Friend, are you a drunkard?" "Wh—wh—what, me a drunkard! No, I'm only a *moderate drinker*." "There sir, go take your brother by the hand."

Take Care.

"You talk to me in that way! Why I knew the time you hadn't a shirt to your back!" exclaimed a rum-seller reproachfully to a Washingtonian who was urging the impropriety of his business.

"I confess it," was the reply, "but it was before I quit visiting your house. Since I signed the Pledge, I can muster a clean one every day in the week!"

"I say no good at all."



A gentleman in the city, who was in the habit of drinking his brandy and water, *moderately* of course, had a negro servant who was a model of sobriety.—But a few evenings ago, the gentleman came home and found *Jim* very drunk. The next morning the offender was called up for an explanation. He came forward with a peculiarly distressed and mortified look, and when inquired of what this meant, he replied, "Why, master, I see when anything troubles you, or you feel bad, you always drink brandy amazingly. Well, yesterday I broke one of your china platters, and knew you would be sorry, so it troubled me. I felt very bad indeed, and I thought I would take some brandy too; so I kept drinking, and drinking, and I got drunk before I thought. *But it did no good at all.* For I feel just as bad about the platter, and then I am mortified to think that I should get drunk. *It does no good at all to drink when you are in trouble.*"

The gentleman was so struck with the honest sim-

plicity of the negro, and the good sense of the conclusion, as well as with the evil influence of his own example upon those beneath him, that he was determined to banish his brandy forever, and is now fully convinced that "*it does no good at all.*"

Cold Water and Prosperity.

We had the pleasure of hearing James Buchanan, Esq., British Consul for this port, deliver an address before the Howard Society, on which occasion he related the following circumstance :

Several years ago a gentleman dined with him who had risen, by his own industry and integrity alone, from humble life to a proud elevation in society. On being invited to take a glass of wine, the following conversation ensued :—

"Do you allow persons at your table to drink what they please?" asked the guest.

"Certainly," replied the Consul.

"Then, I'll take a glass of water."

"Ah, indeed! And how long have you drank cold water?"

"Ever since I was eleven years old."

"Is it possible! And pray what induced you to adopt the principle of total abstinence?"

"Seeing a person intoxicated."

"Well," continued the Consul, "if you have had the firmness of purpose to continue up to this time without taking intoxicating drinks, I do not wonder that you have reached your present position."

The Consul afterwards learnt that the person he saw intoxicated was his *father*!

Honest at Least.

"Will you take a glass of whiskey with me?" asked a toper of a distiller.

"No—I don't drink," was the reply.

"What!—you make whiskey and wont drink it?"

"No—it's only made for such fools as you!" replied he coolly.

Hard Arguments.



A jolly son of Neptune came up to a reverend gentleman in Charleston, not long since, shaking a hand-full of silver dollars. "Why Jack," said the pastor, jestingly, "you are flush to-day—do you intend to make me a present of all these dollars?" "Faith, no," said the honest tar, "these are not dollars—they are arguments." "Arguments? Why, what do they prove?" "Faith, and they prove that Temperance is a good thing. Now, sir, I received my wages when I got into port here the other day, and had just twenty dollars, and says I to myself, now this goes for grog and fun. Well sir, the first night I spent five dollars at the grog shop, leaving me just fifteen. But as you had appointed the next night for a Temperance meeting, and begged us all to come up, I thought I would go just to hear what you had to say. Well sir, I signed the pledge that night, and here's the rest of my grog-money all saved. Now sir," continued Jack, shaking his money at the parson and laughing, "don't you call these *fifteen good, hard arguments in favor of Temperance?*"

I Never Drink.

A physician of our city, a short time since was in company, when the subject of temperance was brought up. One of his customers who was present remarked, that temperance was a great cause, and that the Washingtonians deserved the thanks of the whole community for their untiring exertions in doing good to their fellow men by persuading them not to touch a single drop of the cursed intoxicating drink. He was asked by the doctor if he was one of the Washingtonians: "Oh, no," he said, "it is no use for me to join—I *never drink a drop* of intoxicating drink, and shall ever keep from it without signing a pledge." A short time after this he was taken quite unwell and the above physician sent for, who being fond of a joke, and thinking what his customer had said before about not drinking a drop, says to him, "My friend, I know your case exactly, and I have a medicine which will afford immediate relief which I shall give you, for I heard you say the other evening you never drank a drop of intoxicating drink; but I would not give it to any one who did, for it would be the means of their death." "For God's sake, doctor, hold on! it is fortunate you mentioned this, for I have deceived my friends and you and have drank several glasses every day, which is the very reason of my not signing the Pledge. Give me some other medicine, and hereafter I will ever live up to what I profess."

Not Worth Buying.

A person by habitual excess had laid himself on a bed of sickness. One evening his wife had occasion to go out shopping, and of course had to go alone.

Her child, a boy of four years, was playing about, as he had been allowed to sit up for company for his father, while his mother should be away. The boy kept teasing to know what mother would buy for him, and laughingly his mother told him, she would buy for him another father.

"Oh, mother, don't buy a drunken father!" said the child, with great earnestness. This expression set the inebriate to thinking, and resulted in his reformation.

The Champion of Rum.

A Washingtonian was addressing an assembly in the street at Philadelphia not long ago, and being frequently interrupted by two or three toppers in the crowd, he at last said, if there were any who felt disposed to take the other side of the question, he would invite them to the stand, and they would be guaranteed an attentive hearing. "I takes that," exclaimed a ragged drunken man, making the best of his way towards the speaker. When he reached the stand, the Washingtonian extended his hand and assisted him up, and after looking round on the audience only as a drunken man knows how to, he commenced somewhat as follows:—

"Genelmen—I drinks rum, 'cause I likes it. Sometimes I'se drunk, and then agin sometimes I aint—sometimes I licks my wife, and sometimes I don't lick her—sometimes I'se got money, and sometimes I aint got a red cent."

Here burst forth such a round of applause, as to prevent the speaker from going on—whether the assembled multitude were carried away by the extraordinary elo-

quence of the speaker, or whether they looked upon his arguments as being of the "knock down" order, we have not been able to determine—but it is a fact that a number without further hesitation, walked up and put their names to the Pledge; the gallant speaker was surrounded, and with very little difficulty, was induced to sign too, since which, all his energies and eloquence have been directed to the advancement of the good cause of temperance.

The Lady's Complaint.

Mr. Cary relates the following anecdote:—At a temperance meeting where he was called to lecture, in a country town, he found on enquiry, that there was but one woman present who had not signed the Pledge. He went and spoke to her privately, and asked her if she had become a member of the Society. "No, I hain't," said she with the bitterness of a real Tartar. He learned from her that her husband was grossly intemperate.

"Now," said Mr. Cary, "perhaps if you will sign the Pledge, your husband may be induced to sign." At once softened a little by his kind address, she replied, and she drew him a little closer, and almost whispered as she said it, "Mr. Cary I do not want he should sign the Pledge. I have a *complaint* on me, that renders it *necessary for me* to take a little liquor myself; and if my husband signs, I'm afraid that he will not give me any."

Her husband did sign that very night, and is now a sober man. After the meeting was over, Mr. C. enquired of some of her neighbors what that complaint was.

"Why," said they, "her complaint consists in her being the greatest drunkard of the two."

Poor woman! she must die of her complaint, for her husband, as she anticipated, since he has become a Washingtonian, will give her no more liquor.

Now, when we see a lady refuse to sign the temperance pledge, we are very prone to think that that lady has a "*complaint*."

All Hell is Rejoicing!

A rumseller in Wilmington lately saw a reformed man who had relapsed into his former habits, and was walking along intoxicated. He stepped up to him in a pleasant manner, and remarked *kindly*—"What! you've got to drinking again, have you?" The drunkard immediately exclaimed in a loud voice, and with uplifted arm—"Yes, *all hell's rejoicing!*" Thus ended the interview.

Results of the Traffic.

A German living near Palestine, Ind., after drinking and gambling, took home a barrel of whiskey. In the night his wife let it run out. He got up, killed his wife by cutting her head off with an axe, and then stood up before the glass and cut his own throat. Has the liquor dealer any responsibility in such cases?

A Load on the Chest.

A man who had wasted an ample fortune in drinking, had at last nothing left by which to raise money, but a sorrel horse. His wife begged him not to part with the beast, for she knew his family would not be benefited by the money he might receive for it; but at length he declared the horse should be sold. The horse was in good condition and newly shod, so he soon found a purchaser, and even previous to the sale—a rum shop; and before his wife again saw him, the money he had received for the animal was in the rum seller's till. As soon as he entered his door, and met the glance of his wife, he assumed the appearance of one in great pain, and begged her to do something quickly for him, else he must die, his pains were so acute—such a load on his chest. She looked at him for a moment, penetrated his motive, and humorously exclaimed, “I am not surprised that you complain of *such* a load on the chest, for there lays the sorrel, irons and all.” The man has since become a Washingtonian.”

Time to Quit.

A soaker in a neighboring village, had been on a hard spree. Next morning he wanted to taper off, but the query was, how to get the critter. His jug was empty, his pockets ditto, and the tavern keeper wouldn't trust. Casting his eyes round, he spied his wife's pocket bible, which he slyly slipt into his own pocket, and off he went to the tavern. After coaxing the landlord for a drink in vain, he produced the bible, and offered it in security—but it was no go. “That's not yours; take it home to your wife.” In vain he begged for one glass, and insisted on leaving the bible, promising to go to work and pay him out of the first money he got. The publican was inexorable.

“Well,” said he, when you won't take my word or the Word of God for a drink, it's high time for me to quit.”

He carried the bible home, and signed the Pledge, and has drank none since.

Riding in a Carriage.

One day a moderate drinker after having had a scene with his wife, during which she bitterly reproached him for his cruelty, and neglect, and declared she never wished to see him again, left the house in a rage swearing that he would not return until he came in his carriage, when she would be very happy to receive him. He kept his word, although not exactly in the way he intended, in a couple of hours he came home in a wheelbarrow.

Tit for Tat.

A man of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner table, than wine and spirits were introduced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water. "No, thank you," said he, "I am not ill."

"Take a glass of wine, then," said his hospitable host. "No, thank you," said he, "I am not thirsty." These answers called forth a loud burst of laughter.

Soon after this the temperance man took a piece of bread from the sideboard, and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperance man laughed in his turn. "Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry, as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty."

Delicate Rebuke.

"My dear husband," said an amiable and witty wife to her truant lord, the morning after returning home at a late hour, somewhat the worse for an evening's dissipation, "Do you think, really, that man and wife are both one, as is sometimes said?" "Certainly, my dear, how shall it be otherwise? But why ask that question?" "Because," she replied, "if that be the fact, I am bound to express my regret and ask your forgiveness for being imprudent last night. Pardon me this offence, and I promise you I never will get *drunk* again." The rebuke was effectual.

Bitters and Sweets.

Two gentlemen were riding in a buggy the other morning very early, when a drunken loafer undertook to abuse them for having a handsome vehicle while he had to walk.

"Fine times," said the anti-Washingtonian, as he staggered along, "but there are bitters as well as sweets—(hic)—in this world; you've been taking your sweets—(hic)—"

"Yes, and you've been taking your *bitters*," said one of the gentlemen, as he whipped up his horse and drove along.

Didn't Know his own Son.



There is a good story told of Jarvis, the painter. Starting out one day, with two or three companions, for a spree, the ever observing eye of the painter was attracted by some boys, actively engaged at play, and particularly one of those geniuses "born to rule" who was leading in their evolutions. "Come here my man," cried Jarvis, "what is your name?" "My name is John, and I am not *your* man," quickly answered the boy. "John? why that is my name," said Jarvis, "what is your other name?" "Wesley." "John Wesley?" that is my name too. Any more names? the more the merrier. "Jarvis," said the boy. "*Jarvis? John Wesley Jarvis!* Why, who is your father?" was the earnest inquiry. "*He's Jarvis, the painter, and mother says, he's a very bad man, too.*"

A witty moralist used to say of taverns, that they were places where men sold madness by the bottle.

Will you take a Sheep.

A valuable friend and an able farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his newly hired man :

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it, you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you will do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if you do without rum."

Presently Chandler speaks again—

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

This was a poser; he hardly thought that he could give up the "good creature" yet; but the appeal was from a source not to be easily disregarded. The result was, the demon was henceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.

A Good Reference.

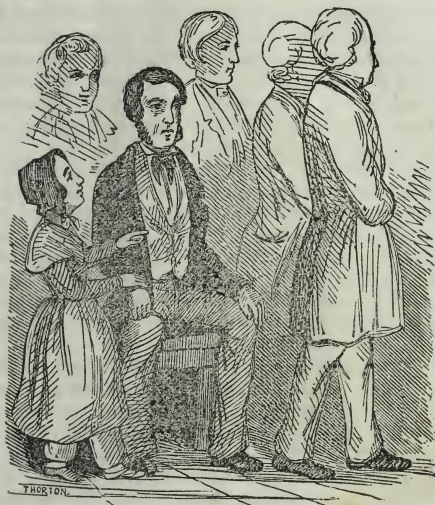
"Do you know Mr. Brown?" asked one friend of another, referring to an old gentleman who was famous for his fondness of the extract of hops.

"Yes, sir, I know him very well."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Why, in the morning when he gets up he is a beer barrel, and in the evening when he goes to bed he is a barrel of beer."

“Father, you go up and Sign.”



At the close of one of the meetings at Harper's Ferry, the following incident took place. One little girl remarked to her father, "There goes Mr. Jones up to sign, do you go up now;" and so she would repeat, as her father's acquaintances would pass up to sign. As a last appeal, she remarked, "If you are ashamed, father, I will take you up, and we will both sign;" there was no resisting the appeal, they went up and signed the Pledge, and never can I forget that child's seraphic smile; all care appeared to pass from her countenance.

It is estimated that nine-tenths of the crimes which debase society in Great Britain, three-fourths of the prostitution, and the same proportion of insanity, are caused by intoxicating drinks.

The Drunkard's Children.

On a cold snowy night last week, at a late hour, three little girls were discovered asleep on the steps of one of the most splendid mansions in Broadway, by a gentleman who was passing by. They were all barefoot, and nearly naked. A police officer accompanied them home, which proved to be a filthy room in a comfortless hovel, presenting the following picture :

On a bed of straw lay the father of these children, in a state of intoxication, and on the floor, in one corner of the room, was the mother moaning with pain, and bleeding from wounds which had been inflicted by her cruel husband. One of the little girls said that they had not as much as they wanted to eat for more than ten days,—that they had been forced into the street for the purpose of begging, and that the scene before us was an old story to them.

Such is a fair specimen of the condition and sufferings of the children of some hundreds of drunken men in this city. In an enlightened and Christian city, they are compelled to grow up ignorant and vagrant ! Of course the rum traffic is the cause ; but an enlightened and Christian people are the cause of the rum traffic. Every man who can but refuses to exert an influence to suppress this traffic, is answerable before Heaven for the sufferings and fate of these children.

Pledging.

“ You complain of my taking the pledge,” said a reclaimed man in Kent, to an anti-teetotal acquaintance. “ Strong drink occasioned me to have more to do with pledging than ever teetotalism has. When I was a consumer of strong drink, I pledged my coat, I pledged my bed, I pledged, in short, everything that was pledgeable, and was losing every hope and blessing, when teetotal truth met me and convinced me of my folly. Then I pledged myself, and by so doing, soon got my other things out of pledge, and got more than my former property about me.”

Twice Married.

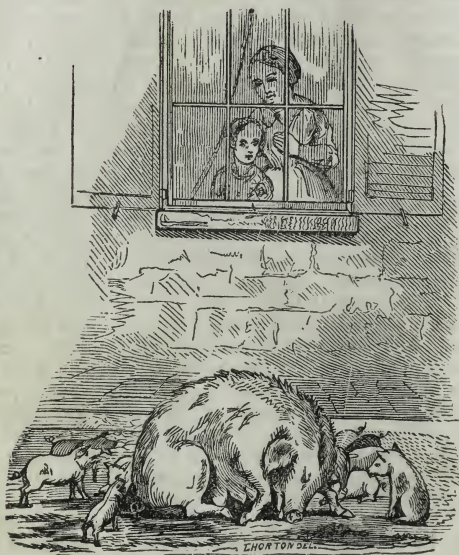
MARRIED.—On Sunday evening, July 27, 1845, Mr. Martin Mead to Mrs. Polly Mead, both of Danbury.

This re-union of two kindred hearts has resulted from the temperance movement. For years had they been separated by that monster "who spares not the high nor the humble." The kind husband, although he loved his wife as he did his own soul, was seduced by the wiles of the "perfidious destroyer," and she whom he had vowed to "love, cherish and protect," was forced to seek for safety and succor in the law of the land, and the holy bonds were severed. She loved him still, though she had been forced to a separation. For seven long years was he, as it were, a wanderer in the land, buffeted about by the fell destroyer—the victim of the soulless rumseller. At length a light burst forth from the "Monumental City,"—its beams spread far and wide, till at length they reached our own rum-degraded town. A Washington Temperance Society was formed under the direction of Mr. Syms, who tarried with us for a time during his sojourn in Fairfield county, and Br. Mead was one of those who assisted in its organization. Although he has never felt himself qualified to address a public assembly, yet his life, from the day he signed the pledge, has been a continued temperance lecture, which could be read by all men.

When the Division of the Sons of Temperance was yet in its infancy in this place, he availed himself of the privileges of the association, and it has been to him "his glory and his shield." Faithful to the principles of the Order at all times, he has gained the confidence and respect of his fellow-men, and the implicit confidence of her whom the law had severed from him, and she has manifested that confidence by her re-union. May she never have cause to regret it.

Mr. Hopwood estimates that there are 2,000 total abstinence gospel ministers in Great Britain and Wales. From appearances we should judge they are determined to double the number.

What a Pity!



An old sow once became so drunk by eating rum-cherries, that she tumbled down in the gutter; she had a large litter of pigs, and they ran around her, seeming in very great distress, and *squeaking* most violently. A little girl who was looking through a window witnessed the whole scene, and she was affected to tears by it. "Why, what's the matter, my child?" asked her mother, seeing the tears trickling down the lovely cheeks of her daughter. "Why, I was crying to think how shamed them poor little pigs must be to have a drunken mother," was the reply.

Confessions of a Publican.

Meeting a few days since with a retired publican, who in his time kept some of the best houses in London, the following conversation ensued.

“With what material do you adulterate porter?”

“You mean second brewing, I suppose?”

“I don’t know what you call it; I only know that you mix some stuff with it.”

“Well, we call that second brewing. We can make a barrel and a half out of one barrel which we have from the brewers. We put in about two quarts of water to six of porter; then, of course, it looks very weak, so we get some of the coarsest sugar, or treacle, and mix with it, then it looks very strong, and tastes very sweet. I have known people to put in a piece of horse’s flesh, and that gives it a strong flavor.”

“How is it that after persons have drank a little, they want more? It seems to create a thirst.”

“Why when they put in the sugar and things, they take care to put in plenty of *salt*; so the more they drink, the more they want.”

“What do they put in ale?”

“We cannot put so much in ale, because it will not bear it; it is not so thick, and if they put much in they would be found out.”

“What do they put in gin?”

“They used to put in vitriol; but the people don’t like it so hot as they did, so they are obliged to put in something more mild.” He said that he had asked Mr. Hall’s foreman what he could put in gin to improve it, and the answer was, “We put in all that it will bear, and if you attempt to put anything more in to improve it, you will only spoil it.”

“How do they make the crust on Port?”

“That comes on by being kept a long time; but many persons get the old dirty bottles and put some fresh in, and sell it for best old Port.”

Absence of Mind.

On Sunday evening, a young gentleman, accompanied by two ladies, entered a church on Charles street and proceeding up the aisle, took seats near the altar. The gentleman, before sitting down, commenced taking off an overcoat he had on, but by some mismanagement or absence of mind, he pulled off both his overcoat and dresscoat, and there he stood, before the congregation in his shirt sleeves. The audience wondered what was out—it was not a place to spar or box in—but the absent-minded gentleman did not stop long for them to speculate—discovering his situation, he grasped both coats in his hand and rushed out of the church, the whole auditory in a general titter and wonderment. But an explanation of his conduct might easily have been found in a decanter he left at home on the side board.

Indian Retort.

An Indian complained to a retailer that the price of liquor was too high. The latter in justification said that it cost as much to keep a hogshead of brandy as to keep a cow. The Indian replied, "May be he drink as much water, but he no eat so much hay."

The Secret Out.

A friend explains the manner in which our much discussed secret has leaked out at last as follows:—“Travelling in the cars the other day, I observed two gentlemen occupying separate seats, one just behind the other. I noticed that the one on the back seat was leaning forward on the back of the other seat. After some time the gentleman on the front seat said, ‘I think, sir, you must be a Son of Temperance.’ The other rose up, somewhat astonished at the remark, and replied, ‘I am, sir,—and what of it?’ ‘Oh, nothing, sir.’ ‘But, sir, I would like to know how you told that I was one.’—‘Why, sir,’ said the first man, ‘you have for some time been laying your head very near me, and I have been trying to discover whether you drank or not. I am myself a Son, and I belong to the smelling committee, and the moment I catch a man’s breath, I can tell whether he drinks or not. I could not discover it upon you, I therefore concluded at once that you belonged to our Order.’ A hearty laugh was enjoyed by all the passengers.” Take care, rum drinkers! the smelling committee are all about over the country, just now, and it will be hard for you to escape.

Staggering Poetry.

It is said a man’s history may be read in his works. On this principle we judge the author of the following verses, which are a sample of many addressed to the Penn Yan Democrat, against meddling with the “liberties” of the rum traffic in any legal way, to have been pretty essentially drunk. His rhyme misfits and his poetical feet go boozily enough :

The Temperance cause I much did like,
 Until I heard of so much strife,
 So many trying for the crown,
 And trampling all our liberties down.

Such laws as they are now for trying
 I think, to them, I shall not join,
 For fear in bondage they will bring
 This nation, which in peace has been.

Liberty.

The "Razor Strop Man" says :—"When first I got acquainted with strong drink, it promised to do a great many things for me. It promised me liberty, and I got liberty. I had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my boots—the water had the liberty to go in at the toes and go out at the heels—my knees had the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows had the liberty to come out of my coat—I had the liberty to lift the crown of my hat and scratch my head without taking my hat off. Not only liberty I got, but I got music. When I walked along on a windy day, the crown of

My hat would go flipperty flap,
And the wind whistle 'how do you do.'"

An Apt Illustration.

"Never tell me!" said a veteran toper—"take my word for it, there is no harm in a cheerful glass; it is only the fuss you temperance folks make about it, that gives it an ugly look to some people. You have only to hold your tongue and all will go on well enough." "You remind me," replied the other, "of a servant girl, who when her mistress complained of the filthy condition of the parlor, replied, 'Oh, mam, the parlor is well enough; it is only the nasty sun that comes in and shows the dirt; but I will close the shutters and all will be well enough.'"

Different kinds of Lying.

The Razor Strop Man, at the last accounts, was doing business at Plymouth, La. While expatiating on the virtue of his strops and the evils of rum, a tipsy fellow cried out, "If rum made me lie as fast as you do in selling your straps, I'd quit it to-day." "Very good," replied Smith: "the only difference between your lying and mine, is this: My straps enable me to *lie* in a good warm bed while rum makes you *lie* in the gutter." The tipsy man sloped, evidently *lying* under a very great mistake, in supposing that he could get the upper hand of the Razor Strop Man.

The Indians.



Three Indians in the vicinity of Green Bay became converts to the Temperance cause, although previously given to "putting the enemy into their mouths that stole their brains." The white men formed the charitable resolution to try their Indian sincerity. Placing a canteen of whiskey in their path, they hid themselves in the bushes to observe the motions of the red men. The first one recognized his old acquaintance with an "Ugh!" and making a high step he passed on. The second laughed, saying, "Me know you!" and walked round. The last one drew his tomahawk, and dashing it to pieces, said, "Ugh! you conquer me—now I conquer you."

About Middling.

A man is a teetotaler, or he is not. What is a pretty middling sort of a teetotaller? I will reply, by the recitation of an anecdote. A shopkeeper in the country employed an Irish omnibus driver to ascertain at a city bank, the character of a three dollar bill, whether good or bad. Thrice he forgot his errand, and a fourth time also: but preferring falsehood to a fourth confession, he boldly affirmed that he had made the inquiry. "And what did they say, Patrick?" said the owner, "did they say it was a good bill?" "No, sir," he replied. "They said it was a bad bill, eh?" "No, sir, they did not say jest that, neither." "What then did they say?" "They said, sir, it was a pretty middling sort of a bill."

A Mystery Unravelled.

"Once upon a time" a shrewd, observing old lady, becoming suddenly reduced in circumstances, resorted to a kind of fortune-telling for a livelihood. She pretended to teach young ladies an infallible guide in selecting a husband who would always prove a sober and respectable man, and with whom they would never be in danger of being reduced to the horrible state of a drunkard's wife. Of course she was thronged with customers, and strange to say, her rule always proved successful. At length, the secret came to the light, though given under the strictest pledge to "keep dark." It was to marry no man who did not take and regularly read a temperance newspaper.

Pitchfork Suasion.

About the last kind of suasion we have heard of, is told by a physician of Thomaston, Maine. He was called to visit a family in the neighborhood in his professional capacity. He found the husband and father on a sick bed, with a pitchfork standing at the head. His curiosity was excited at so strange an appearance in a sick room, which led him to inquire the cause, which proved to be, the brute of a man had made use of the fork to compel his wife to bring him the rum bottle.

“Who’s Afraid?”

Two “moderate drinkers” were passing along South street one night, with just sufficient liquor aboard to make them feel as courageous as lions. All at once one of them ran slap against something in the shape of a six-footer, when he squared off and aimed a blow at the great unknown with such force, that he lost his balance, and fell prostrate on his back. “Hallo, Captain!” exclaimed he to his companion, “don’t let him strike me while I’m down.” The Captain commenced trotting round the stranger, and was just about to give him a whopper, when he discovered that the antagonist was nothing more than *a post*.

“Beggars Made Here.”

A man who kept a tippling house, asked his neighbor what he should put upon his sign. “Write,” said his neighbor, “Beggars made here.”

A Daughter's Influence.

An esteemed young lady, friend of ours related to us, the other evening, pretty incident in which she was herself an actor, and which affords a fine illustration of the extent and power of a daughter's influence. We give it without her permission, but trust she will pardon the liberty we are taking, as we are not without the hope that it may induce some other fair "daughters" to try the strength of their influence also, where there is a much greater *necessity* for it.

The venerable and honored father of our young friend was some years since in the practice (like almost every one else in those days,) of keeping a supply of cider in his house, and regularly, though temperately, indulging in its use. His daughter, being the youngest member of the family, and a favorite withal, generally had the privilege of drawing the cider for him—and a great privilege, by the way, she used to consider it. In process of time she attended a temperance meeting, and there, with others, signed the total abstinence pledge. Not long after she had reached home, her father came in, and after sitting a while, requested her to go down cellar and get him a "mug" of his favorite beverage.

"Why father," she replied, "I have signed the pledge; and the lecturer said it was not only wrong for us to drink ourselves, but that we ought not to encourage others to do so. I rather guess, father," she playfully continued, "that I can't draw you any more cider!"

The old gentleman fixed his eye upon the floor for a moment, apparently buried in thought, and then exclaimed,

"Well, my child, if you ought not to draw me cider, I certainly ought not to drink it—and I won't!"

From that day to this he has not taken a drop of any thing that can intoxicate, and he and his whole family are now staunch friends and supporters of our glorious temperance cause.

▲ Distinguished Opponent.

Those Washingtonians who were active at the Dock meetings held at the foot of Catharine street, in 1842, will recognize in the above engraving a likeness of Charles, better known as the "distinguished opponent." Charles had been a very respectable man—but rum had made a loafer of him. He visited the meetings regularly, and never failed to raise his voice in defence of that "liberty" that had ruined him! So it is with drinking men. They are "deaf, dumb, and blind" to their own interests and happiness. Many such, however, have been brought to the light by the persevering efforts of temperance men—and many thousands more will be rescued if temperance people do their duty.

Buttermilk vs. Whiskey.

One of our Washingtonians stated the other evening at the meeting, that before he commenced drinking he used to work on a farm. One day a number of them went into the fields to cradle, when he took along a kettle of buttermilk, and the others a jug of whiskey. During the fore part of the day the whiskey men got a little ahead of him, when one of the party turned round and jeeringly said, "Come along, Buttermilk!" All the rest commenced a hearty laugh. He heeded not—but worked steadily along. Every time the whiskey men would go to lighten the jug, he would take a sup of buttermilk. Towards the latter part of the day, he left the "*ardent*" boys far in the rear. He thought it was his time now, and turning round he exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Come along, Whiskey!"

"Who hath Redness of Eyes?"

This interrogative portion of divine Scripture is illustrated by an anecdote, related with most effective dryness by a friend of ours. An elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered the bar room of an inn in a pleasant city on the Hudson, where sat a grave Friend toasting his toes by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbed his inflamed eyes, and calling for a hot brandy toddy, he seated himself by the grate; and as he did so he remarked to Uncle Broad Brim that "his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that even spectacles didn't seem to do 'em any good." "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. I think if thee was to *wear thy spectacles over thy mouth* for a few months, thy eyes would get sound again."

How Anxious!

A rumseller's wife, on hearing that an old customer was going to sign the pledge, said to him—"What! you ain't going to give up the comforts of life, are you?" How solicitous some people are for other people's *comforts*!

Sir Matthew Hale.

The learned and pious Sir Matthew Hale, when a youth, was addicted to the society of some vicious people, which did not break off till an alarming accident broke him from it. Being invited with some other young students to a merry-making out of town, one of them during the carouse called for so much wine that, notwithstanding all Mr. Hale could do to prevent it, he went on in his excess till he fell down as dead before them. All present were not a little terrified, and did all they could to bring him to himself again. This particularly affected Mr. Hale, who went into another room, and shutting the door, fell on his knees and prayed earnestly to God for himself and his friend, that he might be forgiven for having countenanced such excess. Moreover, he vowed to God that he would never again keep bad company, nor drink another health while he lived.

His friend recovered, and Mr. Hale religiously observed his vow till his dying day. It was this great man's resolution, drawn up in writing for his own private use, with regard to company (among other articles of conduct) to do good to them, to use God's name reverently while with them, to beware of leaving an ill example among them, and to receive good from them if they were more knowing than himself.

A Wise Lawyer.

It is said there is a certain eminent lawyer, remarkable for the equanimity of his temper, and the calmness with which, after the opposing counsel has assailed him by the hour with personal invective, he confines his reply to the matter at issue. Various speculations are afloat as to the secret of this enviable command of temper which gives him unusual weight with a jury. Some say, as soon as he finds the adversary is becoming personal, he stuffs his ears with wool, and receives a hint from his clerk when to remove it. We guess, however, the true secret is, he is a temperance man. Those are least apt to be influenced with passion, who are never influenced with liquor.

No Trust.

A rummer who occasionally used to be short of change, had recourse to the following expedient to "raise the wind." He got two pint bottles exactly alike, one he filled with water, and taking one in each pocket, he entered the groggery and called for a pint of gin. The bottle was filled and handed to him, when he put it in his pocket, at the same time telling the landlord he had no money. "Then I won't trust you, so give me back my gin," said the landlord. "If you wont there's no harm done," added the other, reluctantly pulling the bottle of water from his pocket and handing it over, it was quickly emptied into the cask. There wasn't much harm done to the landlord that's a fact, for although rummey had his bottle of gin, the same number of pints were drawn from the cask; but the great harm was to the successful knave, for the debauch brought on a fever. Whether obtained by purchase, by gift, or by roguery, intoxicating liquors are always dearly paid for.

Little End of the Horn.

A tailor opened a tavern in Jersey; his wife was very much opposed to it. He got his bar, decanters, rum, &c. all ready, when he began to think about a sign. He wanted something new, and this puzzled him a good deal; at length he went to his wife and asked her. "I'll tell you what," says she, "have a big horn



painted, with yourself crawling out at the *little end*." And sure enough he did come out at the little end, considerably bruised too; for he manufactured himself into a drunkard, and finally went to ruin.

Anacharsis.

This prince, though a Scythian by birth, distinguished himself so much by his bravery, his wisdom, and his temperance, that the Athenians not only made him free of their city, (an honor never accorded by them to any other stranger,) but ranked him among the Wise Men. One of his sayings was, "The vine bears three grapes; the first, pleasure; the second, intoxication; the third, repentance." He also observed, that a view of the unseemly actions of drunken men, is the most effectual dissuasion from wine. When a drunken Athenian, quarreling with him, reproached him with being a Scythian barbarian, he replied, "I know not that my country is a disgrace to me, but I know that you are a disgrace to your country." Being invited to a feast where some of the guests, under the influence of intoxication, diverted the company by their foolish antics, he preserved his seriousness; but an ape being brought in he laughed heartily at the animal's capers, and observed, "This creature is ridiculous by nature, but man becomes so against nature."

Going through the Motions.

There was a fellow who, unfortunately for himself and family, from being a pretty good husband, took to drinking, and soon became an idle, trifling vagabond. Coming home one night, after having as usual been on a debauch, he began to call lustily—"Wife! wife! I say give me some supper!" The poor wife, who, while she could do so, provided food for the family by her own toil, informed him, with tears in her eyes, that there was nothing to get a supper out of. "What," said he, "haven't you a piece of cold meat?" "No!" "Give me a crust of bread, then." He was told there was none. "What! have you nothing—*nothing*?" "Nothing at all," replied the poor wife, "not even a crumb." After a pause—"Very well, very well! give me a clean plate, knife and fork. *"I'll go through the motions anyhow, if I starve afterwards."*

The Drunkard's Cloak.

About a century ago, the magistrates in one part of England punished men who were "given to drink," by putting a barrel upon them, as represented in the cut. Thus armed and equipped they were "trained" through the streets, as a warning to the rising generation.

The people of these days, however, have found out a better way. In kindness and sympathy the poor drunkard is led to pledge. Many thousands have thus been permanently reformed, and many thousands of wives and children now rejoice in happy temperance homes who were once lonely and desolate.

A Pert Reply.

A young buck belonging to the independent drink-or-let-it-alone-just-as-I-please-without-signing-the-pledge fraternity, *popped the question* to a pretty girl a short time since, who brought a still deeper blush to his *always* blushing countenance, by replying that as she had signed a pledge to neither drink or traffic in ardent spirits, she did not feel at liberty to *traffic* herself off for a *hogshead* of brandy.

Mending Tumblers.

A down-east landlord, while twirling a cut-glass tumbler in his fingers, accidentally let it fall upon the floor. It was broken in pieces. After ruminating a moment upon his loss, he suddenly turned to the bar-keeper, and ordered him to "*put a quart of water in that old cogniac!*"

Death of Alexander.

When Alexander was at Babylon, after having spent a whole night in carousing, a second feast was proposed to him. He went accordingly, and there were twenty guests at table. He drank the health of every person in the company, and then pledged them severally. After this, calling for Hercules' cup, which held an incredible quantity, it was filled, when he poured it all down, drinking to a Macedonian of the company, Proteas by name; and afterwards pledged him in the same extravagant bumper. He had no sooner swallowed it than he fell upon the floor. "Here, then," cried Seneca, describing the fatal effects of drunkenness, "this hero, unconquered by all the toils of prodigious marches, exposed to the dangers of sieges and combats, to the most violent extremes of heat and cold, here he lies, subdued by his intemperance, struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules." In this condition he was seized with a fever, which, in a few days, terminated in death. No one, says Plutarch and Arria, suspected then that Alexander was poisoned; the true poison which brought him to his end was wine, which has killed many thousands besides Alexander.

The mighty Alexander,
Who conquered half the earth,
Wept for more worlds to conquer,
Which well nigh move our mirth!
Himself he could not conquer,
Nor wine's degrading powers;
Let those who will extol him—
The victory is *ours*!"

A Contrast.

"Who is that man, so neatly attired in the extreme of fashion, wending his way to *church*?" "Oh, he is a rumseller." "Indeed! And pray, who is that poor fellow sprawling in the gutter?" "Why, that is his *patron*." "Well, I declare, it must be a consoling reflection to the former, to know that he is sustained by a class who *cannot sustain themselves*."

Spends It in Drink.

"I can only give five cents for it," said a shopkeeper to a meanly clad little girl, who offered for sale a small copper box.

"I want a sixpence," whispered the child.

"Can't afford it," replied the shopkeeper; "the thing is not worth it."

With a downcast look the little girl then left the shop, but soon returned with a few pieces of old iron; but alas! not the value of the other cent yet wanting; nevertheless the woman threw her a sixpence, saying, "Well, I will give you the sixpence for the copper." The child immediately disappeared, and the shopkeeper remarked to the missionary, "She wanted the money to buy some *bread* for herself and her little sisters."

"What does her father earn," the missionary inquired, "that she should be driven to this?"

"Nine dollars or more per week."

"Indeed! what does he with it?"

"Spends it in *drink*!"

Youth Rebuking Manhood.

Two children, one seven and the other nine years old, were riding in a cart with a farmer, who had a jug of whiskey with him. The farmer on coming to a gate, alighted to open it, leaving the boys and jug in the cart.

"Just steady that jug a little my boys," said he, as he was ready to pass through.

"No, sir," replied the youngest, "we don't *drink* whiskey, and we *can't* hold the jug."

"So spake the cherub, and the grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible;—abashed the devil stood!"

Witty and Wise.

When Dr. Sherlock was appointed Dean of St. Paul's, he was applied to, as was usual, to let part of the vaults for the reception of wine; which, however, he refused, observing that he was resolved not to be accused of *preaching over his liquor*.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,
As pois'd on the curb it inclined to my lips ;
Not a full glowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

Miss Edgeworth's Testimony.

In our village of Edgeworthstown the whiskey selling has diminished since the pledge has been taken, within the last two years, so as to leave public houses empty, and to oblige the landlord to lower house rent considerably. This we know to our pecuniary loss—I need not add to our moral satisfaction.

The appearance of the people—their quiet demeanor at market and fairs, has wonderfully improved in general ; and, to the knowledge of his family, many notorious drunkards have been completely reformed by taking the pledge.

They have become able and willing to work, and to take care of their farms and business, are decently clothed, and healthy, and happy ; and now make their wives and children happy, instead as before *reformation*, miserable and half heart-broken.

I have heard some of the strong expression of delight of some of the wives of the reformed drunkards. One wife said to me, "Ma'am, I'm the happiest woman now that can be. Sure he says he is wakened out of a dream; and now goes about his business so well. And ma'am, he can eat now, and he can bear the noise of the children, which he never could formerly."

I have heard of many instances where the health has been improved, even where the total abstinence began late in life, and after habits of daily intemperance. I have not *known* of any in which the health has suffered.

Plucking the Roses.

A blacksmith in one of our villages, had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was fond of the social glass. But he joined the temperance society, and about three months after, he observed one morning his wife busily employed in planting rose bushes and fruit trees.

"My dear," said he, "I have owned this lot for five years, and yet I have never known you before to manifest any desire to improve and ornament it in this manner."

"Indeed," replied the smiling wife, "I had no heart to do it until you joined the temperance society—I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that should I do it, some stranger would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now, I know that, with the blessing of Providence, this lot will be ours; and that we and our children shall enjoy its products. *We* shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit."

A Good Hit.

A merchant being asked by another, who had been ruined by dissipation and compelled to assign his property to trustees, what could have induced him to take the temperance pledge; he replied, "Because I would rather be able to take care of the affairs of others, than to be obliged to let others take care of mine."

Coat of Arms for the Rumseller.



The Evil One and evil rum are twin spirits of the infernal regions. Here, readers, you see his Satanic majesty lovingly coiled around his prime minister, into which he is infusing his own diabolical nature. How his tongue protrudes in ecstasy and hisses with delight at the prospect of ruining the human race! See, too, his emissaries of secondary rank—cards and dice—beneath which the venomous toad looks out and smiles in its native loathsomeness. What an alliance to destroy mankind—drinking, gambling, the devil at the head, a hateful reptile bringing up the rear! How very respectable it must be for human beings to act as agents in this business! The design exhibits the very form and fashion, life and soul, genius and *spirit* of the rumseller's

vocation, and as such we recommend it as being, in all respects, most admirably suited for the COAT OF ARMS OF THE RUMSELLER.

A Royal Reproof.

During the reign of Dionysius the Elder, one of the young nobles of Syracuse, returning home after a debauch, was attacked by a robber who stripped him of everything, even to his clothes. The next day the thief was discovered and brought before the king, whose known severity made the criminal tremble with apprehension. The noble having related his story, and other witnesses having proved that the property was found with the prisoner, the king, after meditating a moment, asked the young man how he could reconcile it with his reputation for courage, to be robbed and stripped by a single man. He replied that he was too much under the influence of wine to defend himself; on which the king ordered the robber to be discharged, and sternly addressing the young noble, said: "So it is wine that deprives our youth of their strength, courage, and reputation! Go, and learn to take care of yourself, for from this hour I will rather favor than punish those who are the instruments of chastising unmanly debauchery."

Devotion.

"My dear, where is my Morning and Evening Devotion," said Mr. Paul Partington—meaning a small book of that title in which he was accustomed to read. "Here it is," said Mrs. Partington, producing a small bottle from the closet; "here it is in the bottle." He looked intently in her face, to see if malice was actuating her, but all there was calm; and rather than destroy her apparent satisfaction at obliging him, he refrained from explanation and partook.

Irresistible.

To see a drunken man standing in the middle of a room waiting for the bed to come *round* to him.

A Fact for Merchants.

A Missouri paper says:—But with five or six exceptions all our cases under the insolvent laws have been owing to intemperance. Groceries and strong drink have caused nearly all our insolvents to resort to that inglorious method of paying their debts. Nearly every one of them could have paid all his debts with ease, if he had been sober and steady. Nearly all the bad debts on the books of our merchants, mechanics and men of business have accrued in consequence of intemperance.

A True Patriot.

A man in Waldo county, Me. who, for twenty years, by the advice of his physician, had used ardent spirits for some "*bodily infirmity*," was at a temperance meeting, and concluded to sign the Pledge. When he was about to do so, the Doctor started up and said, "Uncle Ward, if you sign that Pledge, you will die." He calmly replied that he had been a soldier of the Revolution, and thought he was willing to *die for his country*. He signed the Pledge, and in one fortnight after, his bodily infirmity entirely left him.

The Young Man who just Dropt In.

"Here, George, take this account to Mr. Jones and request him to let me have the money, as I have a heavy note to pay."

Thus spake a very clever dealer in dry goods of limited means to his clerk, a young man of active business habits, one morning. The employer was warmly attached to his clerk, notwithstanding that he had been compelled to lecture him several times of late for certain irregularities which are too often looked over lightly, as "natural in young men."

George took the account and waited on Mr. Jones, who promptly planked down the amount, \$460. On his way back, George had occasion to pass in the vicinity of "THE WRONG HOUSE," and as it was about 11 o'clock, he thought he "would just step round to see who was there." In more common parlance he was



GOING TO GET HIS BITTERS!

"Why, hallo, George!" shouted a half dozen voices, "Who'd a'thought of seeing you!" Nothing would do but George must take a seat at the table where a number of "nice young men" were enjoying themselves, and "drink" with them. Each treated in his turn. Time passed.

"Glasses all round again!" said one.

"Agreed!" cried several—and "all round again it was!" All the party but one became, first jolly, and then "uproarious."

The party was composed of several fools and one knave. The latter by practising deception, kept sober. It may not be generally known, that "genteel pick-pockets" are often lurking around "genteel grog shops"—but so it is—and by 4 o'clock George was gently relieved of his \$460.

The merchant knew Mr. Jones too well, to doubt the prompt settlement of his account, under the circumstan-

ces; he went out therefore shortly after George, and was detained until half past 2 o'clock. When he returned, the first inquiry was for George—but no one had seen him. A message was sent to the store of Mr. Jones.

"He was here about half past 10 o'clock, and I paid him the money," said Mr. Jones. The anxiety of the employer was intense—and the note was protested.

Late in the afternoon, George got into a fight with one of his bottle companions. His clothes were torn and his person bruised. He at length became so noisy and abusive, as materially to interfere with the "respectable and legal business" of the landlord, and George was peremptorily ordered to quit the premises. At this he demurred. The landlord took him by the collar and kicked him out into the "pelting of the pitiless storm." Poor George! Truly he had



GOT HIS BITTERS!

He wandered into a neighboring groggery, where after drinking "another round" he slept until late at night, when he was again put into the street. The watchman took him in possession, and he was lodged safely in the station house.

On the next morning, the first thing he thought of was his employer's money! Who can describe his feelings, when he discovered his situation! He was **A RUINED MAN!** The story was told his employer, and believed, but he was discharged in disgrace!

How many there are just like George! They sneer at the idea of signing the pledge—until, through the influence of drink or drinking associates, they make one false step which blasts all their earthly prospects! We hope our story will have the effect of inducing some young man to think on this subject, and avoid the error which is yearly destroying thousands in our very midst.

The Miami Chief.

The celebrated Miami chief, Little Turtle, said, "When a white man trading in our country meets an Indian, he asks him the first time, 'Take a drink;' he says 'No;' he asks a second time, 'Take a drink;' 'No;' he asks the third time, 'Take a drink, no hurt you;' he takes a little, then he wants more, and then more;—then the trader tells him he must buy. He then offers his gun—the white man takes it—next his skins—white man takes them—he at last offers his shirt—the white man takes it.—When he gets sober, he begins to enquire, 'Where is my gun?' he is told, 'You sold it for whiskey.' 'Where is my shirt?' 'You sold it for whiskey.' Now, my white brothers, imagine to yourselves the deplorable situation of that man, who has a wife and children at home dependent on him in a starving condition, when he himself is without a shirt!"

Poor Fellow.

Joe Snooks being censured by his sister for getting boozy, said he thought it "quite bad enough to be a drunkard, without the misery of being scolded about it."

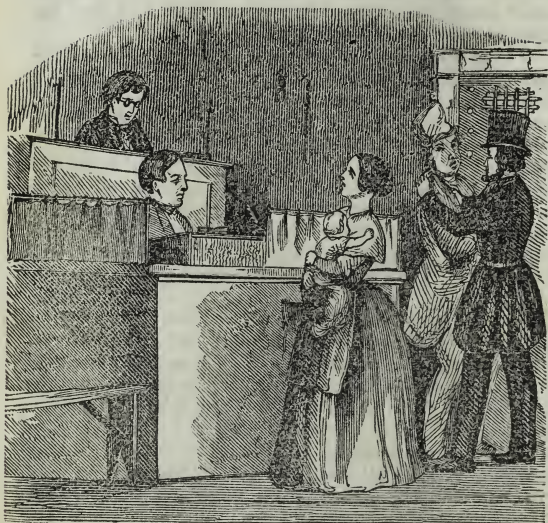
Man as He made Himself.

"Do look at that man," said Kate. "How funny he acts! what queer faces he makes—how he tosses his arms about! I shall die of laughing!"

"I could laugh," replied her friend, "if his grotesque postures and foolish gibbering proceeded merely from a love of fun; but the man is intoxicated. He has 'put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.' He is acting under the influence of liquor; hence his contortions and grimaces. He has been standing at the bar of the store out of which he just now came, long enough to lose his reason entirely. He has probably spent more money there already this morning, than would have supplied the necessities of his family for the day. Unhappy man! We pity those who by the sad visitation of Providence, are bereft of reason; we commiserate those who come into the world without the priceless gift of intellect; we feel for them and think not of making mirth out of their singular demeanor; but the man who throws away his reason, his respectability, his health, at a dram shop—can we pity him? Oh yes: we can pity his folly, his sin. We pity; but our pity is unmingled with the respect which we feel for others, stricken, but not by their own act. That man is a disgrace to himself, and he who pursues a business to make him so, is a disgrace to his race. We turn away from so disgusting a spectacle. We cannot bear to see man thus 'deface the image of his Maker.'"

Keep Your Distance.

A clever sailor has lately joined the Sons of Temperance in Philadelphia, after running a course of dissipation by which his means were pretty well exhausted. At the time of signing the pledge he was indebted to the rumseller *one shilling*. A few days ago he went to pay off the score, but being determined not to enter the house in which he had been robbed, he got a long pole, attached the piece of money to the end of it, and standing at the outside of the door, reached it to the astonished publican, and marched off with a jolly heart.

A Pitiiful Appeal.

In the Police Court, an intelligent looking man was brought up as a common drunkard, and sentenced to three month's imprisonment in the House of Correction. A tidy and pretty young woman, with a beautiful child of a year or eighteen months old, in her arms, who had been anxiously watching the proceedings as sentence was pronounced, stepped up to the stand and shrieked,—

“Oh, Judge! Who is to take care of me and the baby?”

“Take those people away,” said the clerk, and they left the room—the father gazing mournfully at his laughing little one—and the mother sobbing as though her heart would break.

The man is a competent mechanic, and but for his intemperance might support his interesting family in comfort and happiness. Such is the fruit of moderate drinking. Such are the scenes produced by liquor dealing. Young man, touch not the cup! Liquor dealer, never again put the bottle to thy neighbor's lips.

Temperance by Mistake.

A friend has related to us the following curious instance of a man who became a teetotaller by mistake: Capt. Thompson, who has long kept the Hotel in West Bloomfield, N. Y., has been in the habit for some time of taking a dram before breakfast. A few weeks since, he ate his breakfast without his usual dram, *having entirely forgotten it!* He was surprised to find that he felt about as well without, as with it. He repeated the experiment several mornings in succession, not omitting to *forget it during the day also*, and could discover a decided improvement in his feelings. The Captain at once concluded to become a teetotaller, and suiting the action to the word, immediately turned his vile trash in the street, and now keeps a thorough going Temperance House! We wish the Captain might have many imitators in this *want of memory*, which has resulted in such happy consequences.

Legerdemain.

HOW TO GET A WHOLE SUIT OF CLOTHES INTO A JUNK BOTTLE.—Every time you feel like taking a *horn*, drop the price of a nipper into the bottle, and drink a glass of pure cold water. Repeat this until the bottle is full, then break it, and carry the contents to a good teetotal tailor, and within a week you will find yourself encased in a new suit of clothes without any expense or trouble to yourself. The same trick can be done with hats, boots, &c. We have known a cart-load of wood, and a barrel of flour to be *hocus pocussed* in that way.

An Old Man Eloquent.

The Rev. Benjamin Hervey, whose lengthened span of life has now reached the remarkable period of *one hundred and eleven years*, has lately interested a number of large audiences at different temperance halls in this city. The old man is indeed an eloquent advocate of our cause; not in flowery phrase and flowing rhetoric, for in language he is necessarily *ancient*, and ungifted at his time of life; but in a living exhibition of the truth itself, in a living demonstration of the nature of temperance principles, and the virtue of temperance practices. He stated at the Marshall Society, that he never knew the taste of alcohol until the time of the American Revolution, at which time he must have been about forty years of age. "Temperance in all things," has been the practical rule of his life, and total abstinence from all intoxicating poisons, has characterised nearly all of his earthly pilgrimage. For seventy years he has been engaged as a clergyman, endeavoring to direct the thoughts and affections of his fellow-beings to a higher and better destiny; his vocation has naturally tended to subdue the violence of the baser passions of our common nature, and develop the best feelings of the human soul; reason and moral sentiment have long held the ascendancy over the more excitable, and hence, more exhausting animal passions, and the result of all this has been seen in that, "his days have been long in the land." Let the young, the thoughtless, the dissipated, the luxurious, look upon the old man, and learn a lesson of unspeakable importance; learn that abstinence from intoxicating excitants, simplicity of life, well-regulated habits, a cheerful disposition, and a quiet conscience, give vigorous youth, lengthened years, uninterrupted health, a green old age, and a *natural* death.

Intemperance builds watch houses, court houses, jails, penitentiaries, and scaffolds—and may be truly called a parent of crime.

Guardian Angels.



An unknown man was found at midnight, dead drunk, among some casks on the pier foot of Peck Slip, and lying upon his body were three little girls. The children had found their father in this sad plight, and instead of leaving him to his fate, were watching over him, weeping as if their little hearts were broken, and shivering under the influence of cold night wind. When the motherless children were discovered, the youngest was in a deep sleep, with its soft pale cheek lying on the bloated breast of its father.

Men and Monkey.

Mr. Pollard, in one of his addresses, in the city of Schenectady related the following fact: "In the days of my drunkenness," said he, "we frequently went out of Baltimore a little, and spent the day at a tavern in drinking and fun. One of our number had a well taught and obedient *monkey*, he called Jack. On one of these drunken *sprees*, Jack was of the party. Seeing his master and all around him drinking, the *monkey* watched his opportunity and took a part of a glass of brandy

toddy, which one of their number had set on the table, and drank it. Its effects were soon visible. Every manner of antic Jack performed to the great amusement of *his companions*, who were drunker than he. So gratified were they with the results of the monkey's 'first debauch,' that they agreed to assemble at the same place the next day, with Jack, and after making him *tipsy*, spend the whole of it in drinking and laughing at the poor brute.

"Accordingly the next morning, the owner of Jack was called on, and he ordered out of his house for the cruel purpose. And though he came in obedience to the call, it was with a slow pace and sorry countenance, and *three* legs, with the *fourth* on his head, as much as to say 'what a headache!' In consequence of his sickness, the party put off their amusement for a few days, until his vivacity and health should be restored.

"Shortly after they took Jack and repaired to the tavern, in the country. After drinking a little while one said, 'bar-keeper, make Jack a glass of brandy toddy.' As soon as the monkey heard it he made for the door, and though ordered by his master to come to him, he ran away the faster and ascended the piazza and climbed to the top of the house. His master ordered him down; then shook a whip at him and threatened him severely; but to no purpose. Knowing his great fear of a gun, one was pointed at him and he was ordered to come down. He disappeared on the other side of the roof. One of the party pointed another gun at him from that side and threatened to shoot him if he did not come down. He took shelter out of their sight at the end of the chimney. A third gun was pointed at him from that direction,—he was again ordered to come down. Jack feared nothing so much as alcohol, and as a final resort, sprang into the chimney and held himself up by his paws. Thus they were compelled to abandon their cruel purpose.

"The master of Jack soon died a drunkard; but the monkey lived for years, to a good old age, and could never again be prevailed upon to drink a drop of any intoxicating liquor."

The Old Lady's Turkeys.

An old lady, resident of a neighboring place, kept a large family of turkeys, perhaps sixty. She, like a great many other people, thought a good deal of her turkeys, and valued them very highly. Opposite her door was a "West India Goods Store." The man who kept it, one day emptied his casks of cherries, intending to replace with new. This old lady being economical, thought it a great pity to have all those cherries wasted, and in order to have them saved, she would just drive over her turkeys and let them eat them. In the course of the day the old lady thought she would look over and see that they were in no mischief. She approached the yard, and lo! in one corner lay her turkeys, in a huge pile, dead. What was to be done?—Surely the old matron could not lose the feathers. She called her daughters and picked them, intending to have them buried in the morning. Morning came and behold there were her turkeys stalking about the yard, featherless enough, as may be supposed, crying out "quit, quit," feeling, no doubt, mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their coats.—Poor things, if they had not begun they would not have been in this sad fix.

We would advise all young men who are in the habit of drinking, to leave off before they get picked; and to those who do not, we advise every young lady to say "quit."

Proper Resentment.

An old gentlemnn who was in the habit of cultivating his temper with foaming ale was going down his cellar stairs with a lamp and an old brown pitcher, on a frosty evening, and his feet slipping from the first step, he was precipitated to the bottom! His wife, a nice old lady, hearing the noise, ran to the cellar door and called out,

"Why, husband! have you broke your pitcher?"

"No I haint yet," replied the old man, "but I'll do it now," and immediately smashed the pitcher against the cellar wall.

An Old Man's Reasoning.

An old farmer, between sixty and seventy years of age, residing in Connecticut, related to us not long since the history of his becoming a teetotaler, and as it is somewhat out of the ordinary course, and conveys an excellent moral as well as example, we give it, in nearly his own words. It seems he had been in the habit for many years of taking his glass of brandy toddy before dinner. Some temperance lecturers passing through the village, stopped and delivered several addresses on the subject, creating much excitement, so that a large number signed the pledge.

"Well," to use the old gentleman's words, "I really did not know what to think of the matter. I went to hear them several times, but could not determine on the course I should adopt. One day, while at the closet, just before dinner, and in the act of pouring out the liquor and putting in the *fixins*, my two little ones, a boy and girl three or four years of age, came running up to me crying, 'Drink, father, drink!' I drank a portion of the liquor and then handed it to them to taste. To my great surprise, with a convulsive effort they pushed it away from their lips with every expression of disgust depicted on their young faces.—Reason and nature were triumphant;—and then it was that I was convinced of my duty; for I thought to myself, if these little children will not partake of it, surely nature never intended it to be drank. So forcibly was I impressed with the truth and importance of the conviction, that I threw the remaining contents of the glass away, and went immediately and signed the pledge—and from that day to this, a period of thirteen years, I have never tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor."

The business of liquor dealing kindles strife, encourages profanity, excites every evil passion, destroys all salutary fears, removes every restraint, and produces a recklessness that regards neither God nor man.

Not a Drop More.

In a small village in the southern section of our State, resides a certain Major, who keeps a small, cosey, comfortable inn, famous for its sweetened drinks, as well as its jovial landlord; and few of the surrounding farmers visit the neighborhood without giving the Major a friendly call to taste his "mixtur." The gay host, with jolly phiz, round person, bright eye, and military air, deals out the rations spiced with jokes, which, if they are not funny, are at least laughed at, for the Major enjoys them so vastly himself that his auditors are forced to laugh out of pure sympathy.

A good couple, who resided about six miles from the Major's, for a long period had been in the habit of visiting him once a month, and as regularly went home dreadfully sweetened with the favorite "mixtur," but of late, we learn that the amicable relations existing between the Major and the old visitors have been broken off. On the last visit, good cause was given for an end being put to any more "sweet drinking."

"Uncle Merrill, how are you, any how?" was the Major's greeting—"and I declare if the missis aint with you, too,"—just as if he expected she wouldn't come. "What'll you take, Missis? Shall I sweeten you a little of about the best rectified that ever was toted into these 'ere parts?—it jest looks as bright as your eyes!"—and here the Major winked and looked so sweet, that there was no resisting, and she did take a little sweetened.

The hours flew merrily by, and evening found the old couple so overloaded with "sweets," that it was with great difficulty they could be seated on the old grey mare to return home; but, after many a kind shake from the host, and just another drop of his sweetened, off they jogged, see-sawing from side to side on the critter, the old lady muttering her happiness, and the old man too full to find words to express himself.

"Sich another man as that Major," said the dame, "aint nowhere—and sich a mixtur as he does make, is temptin' to temperance lecturers. He is an amazin' nice

man. If anything, he sweetens the last drop better than the first. Good gracious! what a pleasin' creatur he is!"

Ever and anon, the encomiums on the Major and his "mixtur" broke forth from the old lady, until of a sudden, on passing a small rivulet, a jolt of the mare silenced them, and the old man rode on a short distance with perfect quietness. At length, he broke out with—

"Old woman, you and that 'ere Major's conduct, to-day, was rayther unbecoming; his formalities was too sweet to be mistook, and you aint going thar agin in a hurry."

Silence was the only answer.

"Oh, you're huffy, are you?" continued the old man. "Well, I guess you can stay so till you give in"—and on he jogged in a silent mood. On arriving at the farm, he called to a servant to lift the old woman off, but Sam stood gazing at him in silent astonishment.

"Lift her off, you Sam—do you hear?—and do it carefully, or some of her wrath 'll bile out. In spite of the Major's sweetening, she's as mad as blazes!"

"Why, de lor', massa, de ole 'oman aint dar," replied Sam, his eyes standing out of his countenance.—"Jest turn round, massa, and satisfy yourself dat de ole 'oman clar gone and missin'—*de loe!*"

And sure enough, on a minute examination by the old man, she was "found missing." The Major was charged at once with abduction, instant measures were taken for pursuit, and a party despatched to scour the road. On proceeding about two miles on the road to the Major's, the party were suddenly halted at the small rivulet, by finding the missis head lying partly in the stream, its waters laving her lips, and softly murmuring—"Not a drop more, Major, unless it's sweetened."

Shortly after this, a temperance meeting was held in the neighborhood, and among the first who signed the pledge were the couple above alluded to. Report says that according to present indications, the demand for the Major's "sweetened mixtur" bids fair to be wonderfully diminished.

Wonderful Reformation.

The chaplain of a benevolent institution in Philadelphia, informed a gentleman (on whom it is thought we can rely) during a recent visit to that city, that about a year ago, in the performance of his duty, he called at the house of a stranger; on entering he saw a young man, and in one corner of the room sat an old shrivelled up creature, presenting the appearance of much misery and distress. He asked the young man who it was, and he replied that it was his father. He commenced a conversation with the old man, and soon ascertained that he was a man of very intemperate habits—he was 97 years old, and had been a *drunkard for seventy-five years!* After a little conversation he got from him a promise that he would stop drinking, and left him. A short time afterwards, he was passing that way, when he saw the old man standing in the door; when he came up to him he exclaimed, “why, is this you?” “Guess it is,” sprightly replied the old man, “and I hav’nt drank a drop since I promised you I wouldn’t.” The chaplain was electrified at the change which had been effected in his manner and appearance. He invited him to attend church, and the old man did so; a seat was prepared for him near the pulpit, and he can be seen there regularly during church service. The chaplain can scarcely refrain from referring to this case in most every sermon he preaches—and whenever the possibility of the drunkard being reformed is questioned in his presence, the old gentleman says, with much warmth “Look at me—I’ve been a *drunkard for seventy-five years!*”

If two, three or four slices of bread satisfy a man’s appetite to-day, so they will to-morrow; and so it is with healthful drinks. Not so, however, with intoxicating liquors—a man who drinks a glass a day now, will soon want two, and so the appetite increases until it becomes insatiable.

The traffic in alcoholic liquors is wrong, and no law can make it right.

The First and Last Visit at the Dram Shop.

Timothy Truesdell is the name we shall sign to a very worthy, thriving and industrious mechanic of New York, who was a burthen to himself, a curse to his family, and a nuisance to society at large—in short, one of the most shameless and abandoned drunkards that ever took measure of an unmade grave in a Gotham gutter. He was not weaned from his degrading propensity by the Temperance or the Tract or any other society. Their logic was labor lost on Tim, who would have uncorked the bottle amidst the quakings and thunders of Mount Sinai, and drained it by the crater of exploding Vesuvius. It was woman's love that cured him, and all women may get a just idea of their own importance in society from this story.

Though he had a wife and beautiful children, Tim seemed too unconscious of the fact. He neglected his work, squandered his earnings, which daily grew smaller and smaller, and spent his time at the porter-house, till the high prostration of his faculties, or the distasteful words, "No more trust!" warned him to seek the shelter of his wife's care and protection. His children could not go to school, because learning was dear and rum cheap; and the landlord dunned for the rent, and Mrs. Truesdell was obliged to keep the house, because she had no dress fit to appear abroad in, having pawned the last for a fine imposed on her spouse by the Police Court. Misery under destitution and famine, stared the family in the face. It is impossible to exaggerate the picture, even had we the room and the inclination.

Mrs. T. was the heroine, but not of romance. She loved her worthless husband, and had borne his neglect, the tears of his children, the gripe of famine, and the railing of the drunkard without repining. Never had her exertions slackened, never had a harsh word passed her lips. At night, when she put her children to sleep, she wept and watched his coming, and when he did come, drunk, as usual, she undressed and assisted him to bed without a murmur or reproach. At last, her

courage well nigh exhausted, she resolved upon one last desperate effort.

At night, having disposed of her three eldest children, she took her two youngest by the hand, and bent her steps to the groggery her husband was accustomed to frequent. She looked into the window, and there he sat, in the midst of his boon companions, with his pipe in his mouth and his glass in his hand. He was evidently excited, though not yet drunk. Great was the astonishment of that company, and enormous Mr. Truesdell's dismay and confusion, when his wife, pale as marble, and leading two tattered and barefooted babies, stepping up to the bar, called for three glasses of brandy toddy, and then sat down by his side.

"What the devil brings you here, Mary?" said he morosely.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the wife. "There is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasure as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tim.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath put together let no man put asunder!" She took up the glass of alcohol.

"Surely, you are not going to drink that!" he exclaimed in huge astonishment.

"Why not? you say that you drink to forget sorrow, and if brandy has that effect, I am sure no living creature has so good an excuse for drinking as I. Besides I have not eaten a mouthful to-day, and I really need something to support my strength."

"Woman! woman! you are not going to give the children such stuff as that!" cried Tim, as she handed each of the children a glass of liquor.

"Why not? can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children, this

is fire and bed, and food and clothing. Drink—you can see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffers her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently, which he had not done for years.

The next evening, as he was returning homeward with a steady step, he saw his oldest boy run into the house, and heard him exclaim, "O mother! here comes father, and he is not drunk!" Tears coursed down the penitent's cheek, and from that hour he has not tasted strong drink. He had never been vicious or unfeeling, and as soon as his emancipation from the thralldom of a debasing appetite became known, friends, employment, and prosperity returned to him. As for Mrs. Truesdell, she is the happiest of women, and never thinks without pride of her first and last visit to the *dram-shop*.

Two in a Bed.

Two young men, "with a humming in their heads," retired late at night to their room in a crowded inn, in which, as they entered, were revealed two beds, but the wind extinguishing the light, they both, instead of taking, as they supposed, a bed apiece, got back to back into one; which began to sink under them, and came around at intervals in a manner very circumambient, but quite impossible of explication. Presently, one observed to the other:

"I say, Tom, somebody's in my bed."

"Is there!" said the other; "so there is in mine. Let's kick 'em out!"

The next remark was: "Tom, I've kicked my man overboard."

"Good!" said his fellow-topper, "better luck than I—my man has kicked me out—right on the floor!"

Their "relative positions" were not apparent until next morning.

Water is nature's tonic, and necessary for good health.